THE POPE

AND

Napoleon, the Universal Imperialist.

THE

POPE AND NAPOLEON;

OR,

THE UNIVERSAL IMPERIALIST.

BEARING

Upon the European Position,

AND

THROWING LIGHT UPON THE EMPEROR'S CHARACTER AND POLICY,

WITH A VIEW TO INDICATE HIS FINAL DESIGN.

BY

"MARO,"

AUTHOR OF THE FIRST PRIZE DEFINITIONS, &c. &c.

DUBLIN:
JOHN MULLANY, 1, PARLIAMENT-STREET.
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DEDICATION.

To His Holiness Pio Nono.

It is with the deepest feelings of respect and veneration, that we beg, in the humblest manner of which we are capable, to render this slight tribute, as a token of our unswerving fealty and ardent devotedness, at the foot of the sacred throne of St. Peter. We do so the more especially at this trying crisis, when there are unhappily to be found wretched men, willing, as of old, to barter their Divine Master for "pieces of gold."

We *dedicate* it in testimony of our heartfelt sympathy, unbounded admiration, and affectionate condolence for the best of kings and most illustrious of Pontiffs, whom the Redeemer has specially chosen to fill the High Breach in the glorious hour of Persecution.

With profound respect,

Your Holiness's unworthy servant,

D. P. O'M.

February, 1860.

THE POPE AND NAPOLEON.

The Italian question being, it is scarcely necessary to remark, one of deep interest, and occupying at this moment the profound attention of Europe, it is therefore little to be wondered at that the physical actor in the grand drama has become "the observed of all observers." Now, inasmuch as the present phase of the performance exhibits the Emperor of the French in an unfavorable and vacillating light, our purpose in this pamphlet is to call such attention to his general character and policy as may serve to throw light upon his ultimate intentions. We do not actually pronounce him guilty of those grave treasons that his conduct undoubtedly leaves him open to be accused of; but to say the least, it is clear that appearances are seriously against him. Therefore, whenever in the following pages assertions occur of which we cannot be thoroughly certain, we beg to observe, that we only mean in such instances to convey our strong opinions, or, it may be, to mark our apprehensions. This much on principle we conceive it but fair to observe, in order to give the party whose movements we are commenting upon the benefit of possible errors and misconceptions, lest our misgivings should prove to be without sufficient foundation. However, as the great object is to maintain the Pope against and

despite of all his enemies, it is that we have determined not to be backward in giving what we shall be but too happy to find may turn out an unnecessary alarm.

The principle that is now sought to be made law in Europe is simply that of the polite highwayman, who, upon demanding your purse and being refused, blandly inquires your reason for doing so ; to which you reply, that not being tired of your property you do not choose to resign it ; whereupon he informs his victim that, that is no reason to justify refusal, because he (the highwayman) is *able* to insist upon his demand, and soforth. In other words, that might is right, and hence that ancient ownership constitutes no longer title to property. The bandit perpetrates his atrocity, perhaps blushingly, in the dark ; society however, being outraged, inveighs against the invasion of its rights, whereupon the law, because *it* is *able*, proclaims and punishes the offender. But now an *un*blushing attempt is being made to substitute this species of midnight might in the place of established right, and thereby to constitute the impotent robber-principle the potent noon-day law of Europe. Suppose a great bandit arose in any particular country, and, overthrowing the authorities, made himself master of the nation, and that he meditated extending his incursions beyond the limits of that land in which he had so arisen and become famous, would he not in such case do precisely what is now being tried, namely, propose for general acceptance that which at this moment Napoleon submits for the adoption of Europe. The world, however, ought to

know well what the force of example can do, and also the prestige with which venality becomes invested, when arrayed in the sacred garb of authority. We can well understand a *particeps criminis*, a partner bandit agreeing to, nay extolling and supporting the nefarious doctrine of "accomplished facts." We can also comprehend the rulers of a country, whose geographical proximity to certain premises naturally causes their serious apprehensions to arise—possibly on account of some grudge or misunderstanding that may have *formerly* existed between them and this famous highwayman; but for the governments, as a body, to adopt so monstrous, egregious, and suicidal an innovation, would lead one to suspect that decrepid Europe had fallen into her last sleep, that she had become idiotic, or that some cloven influence had paralyzed her wits, were she willingly to submit to so avoidable and deadly an operation.

This question in reality concerns Protestants equally, if not more than Catholics; for should the Pope be stripped of his dominions, as that job will clearly have been the work of *Catholic* powers, so, consequently, should there by-and-by be another kingdom assailed, belonging to a *Protestant* monarch, will not the unhappy victim in that case be in even a worse predicament than Pio Nono; for when the Pope was not spared by those *professedly* Catholic princes, is it reasonable to suppose that *Protestant* kings shall run a better chance.

We shall conclude these introductory observations, by calling general attention to the fact, that the Protestants powers in 1815, acting on principle

and in self-defence, supported the rights (if not of the Popedom,) at least of the Sovereign of Rome.

With regard to the monarchs of Europe, we would suggest the necessity of caution on their part in dealing with Napoleon III., or "this modern sphinx," as he has been shrewdly termed by the learned Archbishop of Dublin. The kings should put their trust in Providence ; doing so, they will not assail—on the contrary, they will maintain Christ's Vicegerent against all assailants—and they should keep their powder dry. They must consequently take no part (either by commission or *omission*) in the perpetration of any unjustifiable act, lest, like curses, their injustice "come home to roost," and perhaps to *reign*. If they are loyal to themselves they will maintain intact their *own* royal *family*—the monarchial nucleus of Europe. They must defeat the machinations that would sap the foundations of their ancient institutions. In a word they must extinguish the fiery element that would consume their Houses and annihilate their royal rights, or ignominiously and deservedly fall, themselves and their dynasties, and be entombed in the ruins of their own dominions.

We shall now take a glance at Napoleon and observe the vast proportions of his progress. How lowly was he once, and so recently !—see him now ! How speedily he has reached the summit : with a bound—tiger-like—passing the vulgar barrier, has he leaped from the oblivious base to the famous pinnacle of empire—may it not be *empires !* He is not a man to love unnecessary daring for the sake of the thing itself, though none more capable

of the achievement, when it is requisite—his great uncle *loved* it: which of the two men in this respect is the wiser—perhaps we should say the *greater?* Where greatness is, the less that it is accompanied by vanity the greater is it. Greatness regards purposeless show as the ignoble weakness of little minds ; it is seldom fond of doing anything for the mere liking thereof—for such, after all, there being no end in view, is still a childishness, and has besides the effect of lessening one's practical weight with the public. Whatever is unnecessary, being a waste and an exposure, evidences consequently want of wisdom or precision. A man of this sort, however otherwise great, will assuredly gradually cease to be a *mystery.* It is not so with Napoleon, for, displaying his power only when necessity requires, he is certain to hit the *bull's*-eye upon every occasion. The secret of *surprise* has possibly more to do with human success than most people imagine. In order to deceive an opponent you must be able to surprise him, for if he can calculate upon your intentions, he will, in all probability, being prepared for, be equal to, or defeat them. It is not that an attack can*not* be (for it *can*), but that it *is* not encountered, because it was not foreseen or suspected. It is in this manner that military and diplomatical genius manifests its great superiority. Ever crafty and calculating, it displays itself only so far as is requisite for the purpose in hand ; for, as it has been truly remarked, a discovery is no longer such when it is known, so in like manner vain display is political suicide. Napoleon III. has little of this rubbish in his composition. He has not done a single act that has

not had a deep and distinct purpose. And while the motives of his movements are but partially comprehended by others, it is himself *alone*, with his giant-scheme wrapped in mystery within the coils of his mighty brain, that fully understands the whole bearing of every step he has ever taken. Each movement may appear, *per se*, comparatively unimportant, but as the entirety is made up of various parts, so will all those systematic acts of the imperial mind constitute hereafter one stupendous whole—develop one grand design. Thus it is that the science of his policy, comprehended by himself, is a puzzle to the rest of Europe. Hence we apprehend that he will, if permitted, prove himself to be rather a *surpriser !*

It is no doubt frequently his cue to be magnificent, and he is so for the practical value thereof (but not as a toy for *himself* to play with—for he is no *child*) as a *toy* for others, though—and for *others* a *terror !*

To such a man (there being nothing like him in the opposition) possibly the most difficult part of his task is *already* achieved. The first monstrous and successful stride was perhaps the harder or better half of the whole giant-scheme—that is, we repeat, to *him*.

It should not be forgotten that there was a great man who said that if he had a spot to *stand* upon he could raise the world. Applying this remarkable assertion, in order to illustrate these premises, is it too much to say that Napoleonism ambitions nothing less ? for in the profane dictionary of the Napoleon family there is no such word as "impossible !"

Two things or qualities in Napoleon III. are or appear to be equal—genius, ambition. Both are supreme. If this impression be correct, is it not a conclusion to come to, than which no political consideration can be of graver import ?

In addition to this, we shall directly call attention to a still more startling element in his character.

If, up to the present, he has not proved himself as great a general as his uncle (and his opportunities were insufficient for the purpose), he has certainly for so far exceeded him in statesmanship. In the composition of a diplomatist, one of the prime ingredients is coolness. In this respect Napoleon pre-eminently excels: whether in camp or cabinet, in the assembly, with the army, in the field or the forum, it is all the same. During the crisis and pending the most preilous period of the death-struggle at Solferino, it was *he alone*, when all around him quivered for the consequences, that was than heretofore the firmer. He was aware how indispensable it was that *he* should be unshaken, and he *was* so, for the stake was precious and imperilled. The commotion that was around him notwithstanding, he was still capable of being cool and even placid. He no more dreamed of petty personal peril than were he with his Eugenie, in the Tuilleries. It was that peculiar triumph over fear and feeling—apprehension and emotion—that valour and greatness only know, that enabled him to be so resolute in such a moment. Three vital considerations rivetted his soul—the value of victory, the destruction of defeat, and hence the terrible and glorious necessity of that indispensable requisite

which could alone prevent the latter, and at the same time accomplish the former, namely, *firmness*, which ever gives tone, confidence, and invincibility to soldiers ; and in this quality has Napoleon been found not wanting in the momentous hour of trial.

Alike the spark that animates mortality, it is the nerve of the general which braces and emboldens his followers, and gives valor and soul to his whole army. His chivalrous immobility is the adamantine centre round which the surging tempest rolls ; and should that great heart yield, then the host, however valiant, that it ought to have inspired, borne down by the tide of battle, is overwhelmed in mighty ruin.

For Napoleon to have had it in his power to win, and yet to have lost, because he was not for a brief interval what he might have been, would be to him a degradation and disgrace bitterer than death. Napoleon I. was perhaps a more dashing assailant in his career as conqueror. Napoleon III. is probably the man that in the midst of reverse would defend with more deadly tenacity. Upon the genius of the latter there is no such blemish as despair, under any circumstances. His credentials place this fact beyond dispute. Neither is he likely easily to be deceived by a false friend, for he possesses a prescience by which he reads and knows his man, as though he were a providence. He would in all probability have been more collected at the *denouement* at Waterloo than he of the first empire. Nor would he have so prematurely gallopped down the historic vale of Tempe, as did the famous but fallible, the defeated and discomfited Roman. A

Waterloo, however, would likely never have occurred with Napoleon III. His policy would have prevented the necessity. His superior coolness and patience would have led him to avoid those undertakings which might have precipitated such an issue. For besides his traditional and adopted, he has likewise his own original policy.

He performs his political part as a great actor or master of the national drama should—with ease; because, by dint of thought, he has previously moulded his course to perfection, and thus rendered its discharge easy, and its acceptance certain.

Let any one doubting the metal of his measures seek to use them as edged tools against the interests of France, and it is then that they will begin to appreciate the political genius of Napoleon III. They will not find, upon close examination, those errors and loopholes they fancied they had discovered in the splendid structure of his political problems. Neither will they be likely to detect what in reality exists, namely, the secret spring that the subtle concocter devised, in order to conceal those handles and pretexts which he studiedly leaves in his measures for his future purposes. In this respect Napoleon may perhaps be regarded as the modern Lysander. He would consequently have looked long and been well prepared before he leaped at the inaccessible empire of the Czars. That unsuccessful scheme was the fatal Balaclava (blunder) of his fallible uncle, for by it he risked (and lost) a substantial certainty for a colossal, but at the same time a distant and delusive shadow—a shadow, because it was not (as yet) to be realized. His nephew's superior caution would

have long prevented and deferred so enormous an undertaking—so vast a dash! Napoleon I. not only wanted to win the world, but to win it quickly; (the *experienced*) Napoleon III. will be satisfied to win it. He is surer than his uncle because he is slower, thinking as *he* can and does *ad interim.* He depends much upon his diplomacy; nevertheless will he have a numerous and well appointed army—for he conceives that the weight of his arguments will depend to a certain extent upon the strength and discipline of his troops; he will politely suggest his conditions, and at the same time significantly point to his legions, and if necessary use them. Thus his logic and his physique are to travel, linked hand and hand. One of his benign maxims is that strength is peace, protection, and (without war) progress. He must, however, have a grand army, though not *necessarily* to fight; but *if* necessary to be able to do so. This is *le mode de la paix de Napoleon le troisieme.* Being a master of his game, he neither mistakes his means nor miscalculates his results; he conceives aptly what is to be done, and how to do it; and understands prophetically the complete effect present and future of every treaty or compact into which he enters.

A man of this sort, if not bridled or restrained by *conscience*, is a demon in capacity of destruction—to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, is "a terror." It is doubtless a fearful thing to behold such a soul fling to the winds *conscience* and Catholicism. Nor is the circle in which the Emperor moves in his favour, for the old adage, if it has any application,

tells forcibly in the case before us, " Tell me your company and I will tell you who you are." Napoleon is at present, unquestionably, in bad society, being in the same boat with John Bull and the beasts of Sardinia. This is the crew that have fixed their vulture-glance upon the patrimony of the Church, and assailed Pio Nono!

Let us now see is the *Emperor* a man of conscience. Did he not, breaking his oath to the Republic (and slaughtering the citizens), make himself emperor? Did he not endeavour to lead Europe to suppose that he meant peace until he declared war, and marched into Italy; and then, having concluded hostilities, has he not unblushingly broken the treaty he solemnly entered into in the name of the Most High at Villafranca? And did he not act as a Judas to the head of his *own* Church, whom, according to his *own* faith, he admits to be the representative of Christ? He deluded the Holy Father by solemnly promising that his dominions should remain intact, and even by offering him *un*-looked for honors, which, however, the *un*ambitious magistrate of the Vatican wisely refused to accept, without maturely considering and completely understanding *why* and upon what conditions the questionable and thorny honors were tendered for acceptance. Possibly his Holiness conceived that H. I. M. "did protest too much." The Pope wanted nothing but his *own*. He said in effect, by the eloquence of his honest hesitation, "Give unto Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar, and give unto God what belongs to God." He required only to be left in peaceable possession of his own *well*-governed Christian dominions. He

desired no honorary presidentships. He ambitioned to be simply and sublimely—the Pope, which he and his successors shall be to the end.

The prince of peace, thus lulled and cajoled by (false) professions, unsuspectingly and unresistingly suffered his kingdom to be seized and torn from him, by a band of corruptionists and robbers, sooner than, perhaps, unnecessarily sacrifice human life, as he conceived his dominions had been *guaranteed* to him. And lo, behold! when the deed was done, the "eldest son of the Church," the arch-deluder, the meek profferer of *honors*, with a nonchalance and treachery unparalleled, declares this infamous and ferocious farce—the spoliation of this infidel-band—"*fait accompli.*" It is not the first time that the ornaments of the great altar and the sacred soil of the sanctuary—the holy flower-ground of the soul—have been coveted and profaned; but we all know how edifyingly such attempts (of course) eventuated—in the vanquishment of the serpent and the victory of the Vatican.

However, enough has been evidenced to show that Napoleon (the relative of his uncle, not only in blood—in blood indeed—but in genius and *ambition*) is not the man to hesitate, even without pretext, to break through treaties and agreements, however sacred or solemn in their nature, whenever it shall suit his purpose and ability to do so. If this be true, he is not likely to be restrained or overburthened to any serious extent by the thing usually understood to be conscience. If so, then is he the *terror* already mentioned—to every monarch in Europe!

Such a man indeed stands in need of one thing only—time ; and time will tell and answer to the truth or error of this anticipation.

Identifying himself with the "ideas" (as yet) of his uncle, and thereby with the unbounded ambition of France, he governs her accordingly—for her glory.

There was a period in the history of England when much that was won in the field was abandoned in the closet ; that which was gained by the blood of the tars and the troops was ceded by the red-tape-ism of the national lawyer ; the achievements of arms were yielded by what was styled diplomacy.

Napoleon, on the contrary, is determined to accomplish, "between times," by diplomacy what it is not always convenient or possible to carry by force.

France, indeed, under Napoleon, putting off the old man, is passing through a thorough transformation.

Just consider but a few of the imperial projects that could not well be concealed from exterior observation.

One great work that has taken half a century to complete has been hastened to a speedy conclusion—Cherbourgh, by means of which it is asserted that 3,000 guns can be concentrated in a moment upon any given point of a hostile naval force, so as to render successful invasion by sea all but impossible, and whereby, at the same time, the advance of a French invading expedition upon the coast of England can be effectually covered. This project, which was one of the great Napoleonic ideas, though defeated in 1815, is now an *accomplished fact* in 1860.

The vast resources of the empire, moral and material, have been effectually developed and concentrated, by means of numerous railroads, improvements in military organization and in arms, and by various changes in the laws.

Within the last seven years it is stated that the foreign trade of France has increased 80 per cent.

Every city and town is now invested with local and municipal authority. Hitherto the capture of the capital was the conquest of the empire—meant national decapitation ; but the consequence of the new organization is, that the taking of Paris *now* means that alone, while every other stronghold in the kingdom remains notwithstanding intact.

Then we have the monstrous project of the Suez Canal flourishing against all odds and opposition, specially under French auspices.

We have besides the recently projected scheme of the new Languedoc Canal, of still greater importance ; which will not only serve for the convenience, enrichment, and development of France itself to an extraordinary degree, but which must finally become the indispensable highway for the future commerce of Europe, and thereby a source of immense wealth and importance to France. An idea may be formed of the vast change that will be effected by this prodigious undertaking, when voyages, which at present occupy three and four months, can be performed in ten days.

Under all these circumstances it is submitted that French influence, or a French protectorate in Italy would mean something more than an " idea !"

Within a brief space Napoleon has raised France, in diplomacy and arms, a hundred per cent. in the scale of nations.

In little more than seven years he has caused old Paris to vanish for ever, and in its stead a beautiful and magnificent city has sprung into splendid existence. It is indeed Napoleon's city, and in every way fit to be the metropolis of the *world* (*!*) ; so beautiful is it that possibly the kings of the earth would have no objection that their petty realms should merge and become amalgamated with imperial France, and so have for their capital this *modern Rome!*

Napoleon possibly thinks that there cannot be *two* Romes at the same time, or that *one* is somehow in the *way* of the *other*, and hence he conceives that the first, or at least an important step to universal empire is to destroy or dispatch (if he *can*) *the ancient Rome of the* Rock !

Were he, however, sufficiently wise, he would not act as if he had forgotten that the foundations of the Church are eternal, and hence superior to the power of *man !*

As the Jewish soldiers of old guarded in vain the dead body of Jesus, so likewise will all human attempts to overthrow or restrict the Church prove feeble and ineffectual. Like unto its immortal Founder, who conquered death, the Church also shall *rise* triumphant over every attempt to destroy it ; possessing an imperishable existence, it shall outlive the demise and downfall of humanity, and "flourish in immortal youth" when the universe shall have vanished into ashes.

Dwelling for a moment upon this all-important subject, the overthrow of the Popedom (?)—suppose such were *apparently* accomplished, what would that avail the enemies of the *Cross?* For as Christ is to be with the apostles to the end of time, so will it be that when the business of the Church is *done*, then time has ended, and earth shall be no more.

If Napoleon, remembering these considerations, still acts as circumstances would seem to indicate, he is then an infidel and a fool, politically and religiously, "and the truth is not in him." May not a man of this calibre, developing himself "by little and little," prove to be nothing short of Antichrist? The rebel angel was once the highest in heaven; but becoming proud, he rebelled—and fell. And Napoleon seems on earth "the foremost man of all this world." What is it that he ambitions? What shall be his *denouement?* Strange to say, the name of Napoleon sounds upon the ear of the soul with a *mysterious* and extraordinary echo!

It was not intended that the Church militant should be exempt from suffering; on the contrary, afflictions were *promised.* The deep love of its glorious Founder is, in His inscrutable wisdom, manifested for the Church by the measure of those afflictions, which, though He permits it to suffer, He nevertheless enables it to bear for His sake, who was himself "obedient unto the death of the Cross," in order that the word should be fulfilled. The Church, however, has had other pledges made to it which never fail to comfort and console it. They are, the inspiring promises of glorious triumph in the end, and ineffable companionship throughout—that against *it*

that gates of hell shall never prevail; and that He shall be with it to the end of time. And when it is He that is with the Church, what consequence is it who opposes it? He who fed the multitude in the desert and raised the dead—who, in an instant, heaped the sterile spot with food, and animated again the cold dust in the shroud—He who raised himself glorious from the guarded prison of the tomb; He every tittle of whose word shall be accomplished, who has declared that the wrong-doer shall be smitten, and the contumelies of the Church shall be changed into eternal honors. May it not be truly said that *His* followers shall never want; while the ruthless crushers of the Cross, and the polite Pharisees who invoke his creed but to betray it—those worshippers of the shadowy and Satanic pomps and hollow honors of humanity—shall want for all eternity. Do the heedless and unhappy enemies of Christ—the profane assailants of His holy Church—remember, that there shall be a day of reckoning, when it will be this same Lord that shall be their Judge—He who, at this moment, is the impalpable Ally and eternal Reality of His visible Vicegerent of the Vatican.

What matters it that the Church should appear to be overthrown, when it could only be a *seeming* against impossibility—"the Word." It would not be its overthrow, but its triumph—its mission, in such case, had ended—its eternal enthronement was at hand. The day at last decreed by fate had dawned upon the ruins of humanity, and the summoning trumpet had already awakened "the generations upon generations;" the visible temple should

have vanished; but the fundamental saint whose famous name it bore should be displayed to all mankind, and that no longer meek but terrible Master should stand forth in awful majesty to judge the world and render to each according to his works. The great Altar, changing its habitation, but retaining its name, "THE CHURCH," triumphant over Satan and death, should be transferred from the shadowy Rome of the renowned Romulus, to the regal realm of the Redeemer!

Eighteen hundred years ago the Jews assailed their God, and to-day they have no country in the world! Would it not then be wise in France to be admonished in time, lest, like the once haughty Jerusalem, she too should be humbled to the dust! The solemnities of 1815 might be repeated with a vengeance, when the world should behold the sad spectacle of another Napoleon carried upon the shoulders of Europe to the great family vault—the historic Tomb of St. Helena.

Buonaparte was unfortunately not influenced by feelings of respect for the Head of the Church. And Louis Napoleon, with all his worldly wisdom, seems unmindful of the fact that his great uncle, with all his brains, knocked his head against an adamantine Wall when he charged with his legions against the invincible Rock of St. Peter! How peculiarly inscrutable a circumstance is it that Napoleon I. died afterwards upon a *rock*, a *barren* rock—monumental, melancholy St. Helena (the most remarkable rock in the world—save one) far away from imperial France and the glory of the Vatican! He had soared ambitiously to that giddy elevation where humility

alone maintains her equilibrium, and reeling from the leaden weight of his pride, fell and was lost. As is the case with all Christians, he was either to have been saved or lost by means of that Rock which represents the Redeemer; but unhappily, because of an ambition that knew no bounds, he *split* where he should have founded—what ought to have been his "corner-stone" became his ruin—

> "And the sun that should have gilt his grave
> Beheld him a traitor and a slave."

Let Pio Nono rejoice and be of good heart, for the day of redemption is at hand. Let all Christendom hope and fear not; for the Conquerer of hell and death, who bade the sun stand still, and separated the waters of the Red Sea for the preservation of his children and the confusion of Satan, shall, as of yore, manifesting the same power, deliver his Church in the order of his inscrutable wisdom.

Without entering in general upon the doctrines broached in (that, we were going to say, remarkable *state*-paper) "The Pope and the Congress," which we have already partially commented upon, in the columns of *The Morning News* of the 19th of February, we cannot, however, allow this opportunity to pass without exposing a specious specimen of the infamous and *undaunted* hypocrisy of that really infidel production; as, in doing so, we conceive we are dealing with Napoleon, who has, in an emphatic manner, adopted, or "stood for," that most rascally offspring of the Evil One. One of the sophisms in "The Pope and the Congress" is, that Europe by Congress having *given* the Romagna to the Pope in 1815, the same authority has a right to take it

from him in 1860. To which we reply, that the Congress of 1815, having been a great European court of *equity*, was consequently one whose jurisdiction was bounded by the rules, and regulated by the principles of *justice*. Its duty was to sift the evidence upon all sides, and having ascertained the national equities of the parties, to pronounce its decrees accordingly, together with giving costs, and establishing securities for the permanence of peace in each case, as it deemed fit and *equitable*.—It therefore re-declared long established, but temporarily interfered-with rights. It ascertained and decreed. It put *owners* into possession of their own property, out of which they had been unlawfully forced. Who ever heard of a man applying to the bench to have an estate conferred upon him, by *gift* of the *court*—that is to have property *given* to him that (H. I. M. blandly concedes) belongs to another? For Napoleon (or Guerronniere) admits that the Romagna is the rightful inheritance of the Popedom. Or who ever once knew of a court to comply with such an (unheard of) application? And yet, this is the marvellous jurisdiction with which the owners, or the *holders*, rather, of *stolen* property, seek to invest the Congress. Courts have not a penny or a foot of land to confer by way of gift upon any one. They restore or return, or, if they cannot conveniently do so, they grant compensation, but they never, for they cannot, *give*. They have not anything, to give. Gifts of things can only be made by the *owners* thereof. This is, so far, but common sense; it is likewise the law of *England* as laid down by Blackstone, and which is in accordance with

European equity. Applying these principles to the High Court of Congress, a tolerable idea may be formed of its equitable jurisdiction. It is rather an anomaly, the idea of *giving* to one what one already has ; for though a property may be in the gripe or possession of a party not entitled thereto, the " beneficial estate" remains, notwithstanding, in the person of the owner. The Bench in 1815 merely restored the Romagna to its legitimate possessor—the Pope. Does it follow because a court has authority to do what is equitable that it has hence, also, a jurisdiction to do what is unjust. And yet, if the sophistry laid down in " *Le Pape et le Congres*" (and in M. Thouvenel's " State Circular") be accepted as equity, it then follows that the Congress has this right—or, in other words, that it has as well as an equitable, also, to an indefinite extent, an inequitous jurisdiction. Possibly the Congress are to be considered as the *owners* of the titles and properties in question ? If so, they had better, when invested with authority, taking charitable advantage thereof, after the most approved fashion, keep the disputed premises themselves. It would be just the same as to leave them with the highwaymen at present installed. However, no less an authority than the powerful Napoleon III. deems it advisable to do so for the sake of *peace !* Generally speaking, peace is supposed to be accompanied by that calmness and contentment which arises from the presence of justice and the consequent absence of what is unjust. Would it be just to take the Romagna from Pio Nono ? Would he feel contented in the presence of such injustice ? Would he be calm under

such circumstances? Yes, he would be calm, because he has enshrined within his soul another peace—that participates not of, nor comes from without, but is and from above—which the world cannot *give* nor take away. Pio Nono appreciates and is grateful for this peace (which he would still enjoy, though he were impaled), but not to the world, which over it has no control. And so Napoleon, the brave and the mighty, conceives, his legions notwithstanding, that it is necessary for what *he* calls *peace* (*!*) to wink at injustice and profanity: for that is what it means, since a man—the representative of the Holy of Holies—must resign his property and retire quietly for fear of worse. If this apprehension be *genuine*, is it not a most startling announcement? Then powerful robbers shall upturn the tables of humanity, the conquests of Christianity shall be overthrown, and the long restrained waters of barbarism, breaking through the effete machinery of civilization, shall deluge the world.

Under all these circumstances, we assert, that the monarchs (no matter what their *creed* may be) who will not support the Pope against this would-be dethroner of GODS and men, thereby sanction and establish a principle that shall one day be relied upon against themselves.

Like the unhappy Herod, who, to appease the fury of the Jews and to secure his crown, sacrificed the Master of mankind; so with Louis Napoleon, who (among other causes), as he *mis*-conceives, to maintain *his* dynasty, and forward his future aggressions; in order to stifle the wrath and at the same time to

purchase the friendship and alliance of hell upon earth—Red Republicanism—has, with a precisely similar degree of politeness and compunction as characterised Pilate of old, handed over that *Master's representative* to a "wretched rabble." The two cases, so far, are analogous, the periods and personages alone differing, while the circumstances otherwise are alike—the same principle is assailed, the same malice manifested.

Napoleon hopes (not without cause) during peace, by the subtilty of his diplomacy, to pierce and despatch, imperceptibly and gradually, those sacred *barriers* that limit the restless and inordinate ambition of France. He will thus, while the world is calm, seek to sink his shaft deep into the foundations of Europe; and when all shall be ready for the Grand Campaign he will stand forth, powerful as he is at present, in another and a mightier attitude, bidding defiance to all comers, and combating for all or none, he will (if he can) give the world, for their Saint Helena, a Roland, that shall be recorded for ever in the history of Conquerors!

The taking away of the Pope's temporal power ought to be scouted equally by every Christian and man of sense. The idea, though (think of it!), of the representative of the Most High—the next immediate under Christ on earth—he, between whom and Him nought that is human or of nature can ever intervene or interrupt, to become *subject* to "a vile worm of the earth." For the Pope must either be a temporal subject or a temporal king. Becoming the former (though it would ill become the Pope), were Pio Nono's (the royal represen-

tative of the *King* of kings) *king* (*!*) to change his religion—have a reformation—call upon, and if necessary compel the Pope-*bishop* (*!*) as one of *his subjects* to contribute his quotum to the support of the State Church ; or should this king of Popes be at war with some neighbouring monarch, in whose kingdom bishoprics had become vacant, what a series of incongruities and dangerous inconveniences would ensue! Considering all these things, what a monstrous absurdity, anomaly, and abominat n would be the unholy result!

It is said that pride damned the angels, and that concupiscence will be the ruin of the human race ; but is not this whole affair the old rampant spirit of *pride* still—another and another repetition of the impious rebellion of Wrong against invincible Right—one more edition of the same arch-offence as of old ?

How consoling a circumstance it is, that *ever* in the tempest it needs but to point to that Rock, founded by Him who triumphed upon Calvary and from Olivet, to convey to those demons of darkness that they must betake them, with gnashing of teeth, from the Rampart of the Redeemer—for that, that Church shall abide for *ever*, against which the gates of hell shall *never* prevail.

The course for the rulers of Europe to adopt is a clear and a straightforward one. It is, adhering to what up to this hour of the world has been recognised as common honesty—simply to do unto others as they ought to wish that others should do unto them. They should hence repudiate the germ of destruction that Lucifer (or Louis) so plausibly

seeks permission to implant in the anointed soil of Christendom.

Napoleon's sophistry throughout is indeed that of the serpent in the garden. And should his base proposal receive the fatal fiat of European consent, then, like the writing upon the wall, shall the harvest-day of general affliction assuredly come—for, is it not written that "as a man sows so shall he reap?" The monarchs may discover, when too late, that they were hatching the serpent's eggs. Such a violation of (sacred) right would be a breaking of the great human, international, twofold commandment, of Title and Authority. It would be the assassination of national principle, and the final, if not immediate, damnation of Europe!

Let us take a final glance at this mysterious man. Is or was he not a socialist? Such doubtless has been repeatedly asserted in circles in England and elsewhere to be the fact. It is true that he has flung Republicanism, and become a monarchist; notwithstanding which he may be the wolf in sheep's clothing, and while assuming the livery of royalty, and styling himself one of them—one of the kings—he may still be a Republican of deeper dye than has yet been discovered. He is a man of immolating mould, that will willingly admit of no *equal*—combining in his proud nature the revolutionary qualities of the Socialist with the tyrannic tendencies of the Despot. For what purpose doth he seek the kingly fold? And we shall answer, in order that he may cajole. The devil had first to whisper something into the ear of Eve before he could compass her destruction. *Audience* was indispensable.

Napoleon has already achieved *his* audience, and with a subtilty that can wheedle (himself or) the devil, proposes to Europe the adoption of his innocuous poison! So, monarchs beware, or else he will assail you in detail, one by one. What is it that he now suggests, under the auspices of his euphonious adherent, Guerronniere? It is nothing less than this—namely, for the monarchs of Europe to commit suicide upon their ancient titles, by thus consenting to, and recognising as *lawful*, the robbery of the Pope's sacred dominions. To say the least, would it not be disreputable for the potentates to suffer themselves to be made a tool of by their illegitimate brother?

As to the assertion that the Pope's subjects are disaffected to his rule, it is simply untrue. There are no doubt bad men in the States of the Church as elsewhere; just the same as there are pickpockets in London, who, notwithstanding our blessed and benign constitution, covet and are *consequently* disaffected towards their "neighbours' goods." But this proves no more than the existence of that fatal blight, originally brought upon man by the eating of the forbidden fruit, to which national and human existence is liable, and all "earth is heir to." However, as to *national* dislike to the Pope's government, all practical men, such as Lords Russell and Palmerston, no matter what they *say*, *know* the *contrary* to be the *truth*. Suppose that the fact were not as yet ascertained, is not the truth of the above assertion thoroughly improbable, inasmuch as the Romagnese are not only well, but about the best and most benignly governed, and least taxed people in

Christendom ; and should they not therefore be happy, prosperous (which they are or *had been*), and contented ? However, independent of probabilities, the *fact* is that the Papal rule is not unpopular, as repeatedly ascertained and established by European investigators and travellers of note and reputation; and also as indisputably evidenced by the famous and death-telling declarations of Lord Normanby and Count Rayneval. As to the *appearance* of disaffection, it is but necessary to call attention to one startling *fact*, in order to account for *it*, and it is this—that Revolution has now become a (matured Republican) *Science* in Europe—propagated in Piedmont, encouraged in England, flourishing in France, impregnable in Italy—whereby a rebellion can be *necessarily* fomented in *any* state, however *peacefully* inclined or *well* governed. The thing is in fact now "done to order," just to all intents and purposes as would be "carried out a *contract*," it being only necessary to have the means, and then to enter upon the undertaking. In the Romagna the contract was easily performed, especially as it was *not* opposed, and because of the *obedient* inactivity, in such cases, of the subjects of an *absolute* government; on account of the liberal reforms granted by the Holy Father; and from the fact that the conspirators, or *contractors* rather, had nothing to fear in the event of failure, because of the well-known clemency of the representative of Him who willeth not the death but the conversion of sinners. Suffice it to add, that as to the *means*—the sinews of *war*—they were, among *other* sources, had and obtained by the confiscation of the *con-*

vents in the kingdom of Piedmont by the King of Sardinia—the Henry VIII. of *his* age! Indeed, it occurs to us that the whole affair bears upon its face a patent and unmistakeable resemblance to Saxon swell-mobism. Be this as it may, it is quite clear that the wonderful progress of the science we refer to calls for the marked attention of all sleeping sovereigns!

We may just mention here, as it strikes us, the following fact, as a coincidence at least worthy of note—namely, that the three allied powers in the Crimean war are the *same* that are *now* (and perhaps were all through) in accord upon the Italian question.

This would look not like national but *European* revolution—a great conspiracy against the property of an entire Continent. The first Emperor failed to achieve the prize unaided—Napoleon III. has taken in partners—" the Allies."

We would humbly suggest to the great and good Emperor Alexander, as humane and generous as he is Christian and statesmanlike, whether it would not be wise in "Holy Russia" to stretch forth her ungloved hand to afflicted Austria. Russia can afford to do so; she is too noble to be influenced either by the pettishness or the folly of revenge. To Russia especially appertains the heroism—belongs the glory—of ever making *sacrifice* in the glorious hour of *necessity*. Russia, as political and prudent as she is gallant and magnanimous, understands how far to punish, and *when* to pardon. It is not easy to forget, but it is possible to forgive; and moreover it is now necessary to maintain

Austria. The military empire of the Hapsburgs stands happily enough between Russia and the sudden and fiery Gaul ; and hence it is requisite, for the undisturbed progress and development of Russia, that Austria should continue as heretofore unimpaired in her glory, undiminished in her power. To Russia attaches the proud honor of having been the conqueror of "the mighty genius of 2000 years." She it was achieved the overthrow of the greatest of generals and of men, not alone because she fought him face to face in many a bloody field, as Beresina and Borodino bear testimony, but from the fact that in her noble nature was contained the grandest of national attributes—the spirit of self-sacrifice ! When Buonaparte, to whom nothing was "impossible," conceived he had the world in the hollow of his hand, it was Russia that grappled with and threw him. He, who had led himself to believe that his word "might have stood against the world," succumbed to the invincible Muscovite. The great hope of his proud life, that he had long taught himself should be realized, was destroyed for ever upon the apparent eve of its accomplishment. Holy Russia, spiritualized in the renowned conflict, slipped like a shadow from his grasp—vanished into ashes at his touch—Moscow was sacrified, and the man of universal empire was undone. At this fatal crisis, Napoleon, like Hannibal, might well have exclaimed, "that Fortune seemed fatigued with granting her favors." After the victorious fall of the famous capital, the tide of fortune changes, bearing back upon its impassionate surface the broken reed of ambition. Events rapidly ensue—

the last scene is shifted—and the hero of Lodi is the prisoner of St. Helena. Thus dropped the curtain upon one of the most memorable periods of the world's history—an epoch in which Russia figured noblest and grandest. Like the Roman knight who caused the gulf in the Forum to close for ever, by the sacrifice of himself and his steed; so with Russia, who, by offering her capital upon the bleeding altar of her country, saved Europe. And to-day Moscow has arisen from the dust of the past, covered with eternal honor; while the metropolis of the Grand Empire exists in greater splendor in St. Petersburgh. The nation that was capable of such glory in 1812, is not unequal to the greatness of forgiving Francis Joseph in 1860. Magnanimous Russia knows how to forgive—forgiving she will support. The Emperor Alexander will do so in the name and for the maintenance of European right and title; for the preservation of European order; and in defence of the sacred bulwarks of "the powers that be." By so doing Russia will uphold "the balance of power," which is the Secret of Peace, the Authority of Order, and the Security of Civilization.

To return to the conclusion of our subject. Should there hereafter be another kingdom sucked to the fatal vortex, upon what title, plea, or defence, shall the royal victim, in that event, rely, should the case of the Romagna once form a precedent. Since the Vicar of Christ was not spared, what will Mockanna's answer henceforth be to the royal suppliants that shall sue for mercy at *his* shrine?—What, but Mockanna's mockery! Possibly to this effect—Napoleon, addressing the fallen monarch:

"Your title to your dominions is no doubt unquestionable, but unfortunately it is impossible for you to maintain them (and so forth); besides, it would be unjust and insulting to his Holiness *now*, to make an exception in your case." In other words, "since the great Patroclus was foredoom'd to die, dost *thou* bewail mortality?"

Just examine the two cases.

The Pope's title to his States is admittedly indefeasible, but it is advisable for the sake of *peace*, in Napoleon's (the Italian Campaigner's) rose-water opinion, to resign them. In other words, that the rightful owner, beholding before his face the property that had been freshly torn from him, should, forsooth, for the sake of peace, abandon it to the "lawless libertines" who coolly stand by and bid defiance to all law and authority. Plunderers generally make off with their prog, when convenient, or, remaining to the fore, are captured and dealt with. But it is quite the reverse in this case. Indeed had such an occurrence taken place in an individual instance one would suspect that there had been *connivance on the part of the authorities*, somewhat after the wholesale fashion of the British police in India. So much for the Pope's case.

Then with regard to the royal suppliant's title, it is also admitted to be unquestionable, but nevertheless it is quite impossible to get over the precedent established in the case of Napoleon III. against Pio Nono* (though no precedent was required in Pio

* The original cause was Napoleon I. against Pio VI., revived in the names of the present parties—Napoleon and *others a.* Pio Nono.

Nono's own case); and besides it would be insulting and unjust to the Holy Father to make an exception, &c. &c. The feelings of the Pope, it will be observed, are to be respectfully consulted in the case of the ruined king; while in the Pope's own case feelings were unfortunately thoroughly irrelevant. This somewhat resembles the beautiful pity that was felt for the plumage, while the dying bird was forgotten. Thus will it be seen that the cloven influences of pretext and intrigue deeply underlie Napoleon's policy.

Neither is *his friendship* a profit nor protection. He will enter into alliances and treaties in order to lure his victims, and lull them into a sense of fallacious security. But, as he is as *sudden* as he is cool, *when* the stormy phase of his plan is ripe, he will, throwing off the mask, "let slip the dogs of war," and make his dash *a la* Napoleon. And then the fears of the "sick man" of the *west*, and the nightmare of the dreamer, shall be changed into wide-awake fact and frightful reality. Nor are his resolves, once taken, *ever* to be altered; their *execution* is as certain as *himself*, or as the principle to which it is said he adheres—*fate!*

Men like Napoleon are seldom so modest as to retire from the advantages that they are certain of accomplishing. Having, in the first instance, informed himself of his means and materials, his next course, according as circumstances serve and necessity requires, is to baffle, mislead, make use of, and weaken. This is the system he adopts in order to lessen the degree of difference, in actual *physique*, between himself and the opposition.

After the suppression of the Hungarian insurrection, and besides remembering "old times," he felt that it was necessary to snap the tie that bound Austria and Russia. He consequently instigated, urged on, and joined in the Crimean war, by which he effectually drew out Austria, and fatally prejudiced her in the estimation of Russia. And having *perhaps* humbled Russia, and certainly exposed England's military imbecility to the world (thereby encouraging and precipitating the Indian rising), and at the same time learning *Perfidieuse Albion's* weakness himself (for by measuring swords *with* her against the Muscovite, he learned what he might, *one day*, be enabled to do *against* her), he *suddenly* shakes hands with Russia, against the *will*, or the wish rather, of his inglorious ally. He has thus exhibited England; weakened and, at the same time, befriended Russia; and isolated and estranged Austria.

His next consequent step is to foment the Italian insurrection (having cut off Austria from the assistance of Russia), while England, exposed as aforesaid, had become additionally crippled by the prodigious dimensions of the war in Oude. At this particular crisis it would have been John Bull's essential interest, were he but able, to have stood firmly by the side of Austria, and thus maintained her in Italy, in 1859, as Russia had formerly done, in 1848, in Hungary. But England, not relishing this course, principally on account of her *undying hatred to Catholicity*, adopted the suicidal opposite thereof. And so, having first urged Francis Joseph into the bloody lists, her next treachery is to assist her evil genius

in crushing him. But this perhaps she does by way of being *neighbourly!* Or as *The Daily News* would and *did* express it in their columns of the 27th of January, 1860, in alluding to the "Commercial Treaty :" "We are quite prepared, under all circumstances of the case, to pay it cheerfully as a premium of insurance on a great policy of *peace* with France !"

Thus goes the game; and onward marches the imperial fatalist to his destiny!

Verily the political waters are being agitated by some great sea-serpent or other vast monster. Massive Europe is in commotion—while her wise ones at the helm are shoved to the end of their wits, and indeed *out* of them. Is it not, therefore, time that the statesmen of Europe, perceiving and admitting their inequality in the game they have been waging against their single-handed but lynx-eyed adversary—the Imperial Gambler of the Tuilleries—should, ere it is too late, alter their *tactique*, and select other methods in which they may be more fortunate, either *bold* or certainly *just* ones? For bad example never fails to produce, in due season, its fatal consequences; it may or may not be speedy, but it is *more* certain.

Napoleon is the *Arch*-Republican in the happy garden of monarchy, seeking the ruin of its fair inhabitants!

In the name of republicanism he was admitted into, and becoming master of, overthrew the republic!

In the name of monarchy he has achieved the *audience* of Kings, and, struggling for the great mastership, *aims* at Universal Imperialism!

He is now avowedly and irrevocably pledged and linked with the representatives of Erebus on earth, the Arch-Butchers, Bandits, and Corruptionists—Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, and Emmanuel!

We, therefore, boldly assert that it is the bounden duty of royal Europe to break this fiendish alliance, and by so doing save themselves, their Honors, their Kingdoms, and their Altars; or, by permitting it *consolidation*, to perish ignominiously, beneath it!

END.

AID FOR THE POPE.

A SACRIFICE SUGGESTED.

Is the sacred soil on which the Cross is based to be torn from it, or profaned by the infidels of the nineteenth century?

It is because that Cross which bore the Saviour upon it is rivetted, like unto an eternal death, into the heart of hell, that the serpent, whose head it crushed, writhing beneath it, agitates and *would* overthrow it!

It is now nearly two thousand years since the young man mentioned in the Gospel, who declared he had done "all these things," was directed by Christ, in order to his perfection, to do also as follows: "Go, sell your goods, and feed the poor, and then come and follow me;" for he to whom those inspiring words were addressed was *rich!*

Now, let us seek and perhaps we shall find ; let us inquire is there any one Christian man of FORTUNE in Ireland to-day—especially in Ireland, the land of Faith and of St. Patrick—who will come and lay down—not his life (which the consistent Father of the Vatican would do, if necessary, in defence of the Church and its children), nor his fortune—but for the love of the Lamb, whose honor is assailed, merely to sacrifice his income for a *single* year, retaining a portion for necessities. Many and many of the poor of this world—the rich in *heart*—have already done so, as their subscriptions to the Tribute for the Pope, compared with their means, amply testify. It would only be returning a part to Him from whom all things are received ; for the rich man is but the steward (just or unjust) of the God of all gifts ; and were he even the owner of the wealth in his transitory possession, he would be making of it the best possible application, "laying up riches for himself in heaven"—whither it is to be hoped he is speedily journeying on. So to do would hence be Christian stewardship. Words are sorry symbols to convey the merit of the Christian who would be rich enough, in heart as well as in purse, to adopt this poor suggestion—he who, attaching a limited value to the vanishing wealth of this world, would prefer, to all things else, the glorious gold of Love and Faith.

The moral force of so ennobling a sacrifice would have more effect upon the fortunes of the Popedom, and in mitigating the afflictions of the Holy Father, and strike more terror to the souls of infidels than five hundred thousand soldiers led against them.